

BILLY BUNDY.

The Old Man's Views on "Shoutin' in de Meetin'-House."

The last night when Uncle Billy Bundy went to the Union market for the Sunday supplies, he noticed a couple of exceedingly black women pass the fish stands. They gave the old man a short look as they sauntered by, which caused him to turn the gaze in a most intense manner. Turning to the German fish-dealer finally, uncle Billy said:

"Dem wimmen look at me des like dey know'd me, but dey don't, and what's mo' dey aint gwine to. I aint aebber seed dem critters afore as I knows un, an' I don't wante se'em no mo'. But I boun' ef de truf am know'd dem shoutin' niggers, an' ef it's one thing more'n nutbr what I spises ter see it's shoutin' niggers at er meetin' what don't do de right kinder shoutin'."

"Vell, did you hear dot?" said the Tenton to the man at the next stand. "Dot old man Billy was losin' his reason."

"Now will yawl, gemmen, des lissen at dat German man?" retorted Uncle Billy. "He nebbber wait ter hear de whole story. He thinks I'm down on 'ligion, I speck, but ef he lissen I gwine tell 'im a few things 'bout de way wimmen shout at meetin's, kase dey am twix fish. Now when I go ter meetin' house an' hear de preacher tell 'bout de sinful ways uv people, an' de debilitat dat is gwine on 'mongst us, I bleegee ter moan er few times, myself, an' ef de same preacher picter ter me de great time when I gwine be in glory wid no work ter do, I gwine ter smile, an' I mout clap my han's. An' I bet, too, my old 'womam gwine holler 'hallelujah' seberal times. But dat ain't gitten' ter de pint. Dem wimmen what pass here dis mornin' ago aloks like reglar ole timers. Some wimmen, when dey in de meetin' house des makes er awful show uv der self an' ef I was de preacher dey would be throwed out quicken er nigger kin pull er razzen cuten his boot leg. One time down in Tennessee er great meetin' was gwine on. Niggers what had bin de wuss sinners in de county was tu'nin' ober new leaf by de dozens, an' bimeby one right black 'oman what had er way uv raisin' great fuss 'mongst de married fokes an' allut mix up wid some cuttin' scrapes, done showed signs er gittin' 'ligious. All de deacons, de bzedren an' de sisters was er tryin' to make her git ober dem bad ways, an' day done derelebel bes' ter bring her in de fole. She come ter de meetin', an' bimeby she gun ter git wuk'd up. She would shout, an' about twel you could hear her to de nex' town. She'd git right out in de middle uv de flo' an' holler fer somebody ter kotch her, an' say dat she gwine ter kotch her. She fell right spang in his arme, an' shot her eyes, an' say: 'Oh, my! Oh, my! Yass, my Lawd; I feel like I was on er cloud er aint sidways, eatin' honey wid one an' 'im pickin' on er barp wid de yuther.' It went on dis way fer two nights, when my ole 'oman whisper ter me, an' say dat nigger 'oman got mighty hankerin' arter dat yaller deacon, an' dat I better speak ter 'im an' ax him ter tes' dat 'oman's faith by lettin' her drap orce er twice on de dirty flo'. Sho' nuff, de nex' time she drap, de deacon let her fall on de flo', he did, an' she lay dar a few minutes an' den got up, lookin' real mad when she gun ter bresh de dirt off'n her bran new linsey dress dat her mistiss done gun her. De nex' time she come to chuch she had an' ole dress, an' one er de deacons axed her why she come ter meetin' wid dem kinder close on, when de whole congregation know'd she had better. She up an' spon' dat ef dey think she gwine drap on dat dirty flo' wid her bran new dress on, dey mighty mistaken. Da preacher an' de congregation had done spent er whole session on dat 'oman, an' she wouldn't jine, so dey gun ter gib her up, an' arter she done do all dis, dees grashus dey done fine out dat she didn't want ter jine no way cepin' she would kotch dat yaller deacon. Dat's what she arthr all de time. She des wanner drap in his arms. An' sech shoutin' as she done! Don't tell me 'bout dese loud shouters. Dey allus up ter some projick, an' you better not let 'em hab too much rope. I boun' dem wimmen what pass is shouters from way back. But as I done said, you kin do de right kind er shoutin', an' you kin do de yuther kind. But when you hear so much noise fum de mout you kin bet yo' las' nickel de aint much 'ligion ner goodness in de heart. What's ruina-tion to so many in de chu'ches is dat too much co'tin' is gwine on right in de meetin' house. I knows what I see talkin' 'bout, kase I done bin dar, an' I boun' ef dey was some uv de ole fallers roun' dis market, dey'd back wha I say."

The old man then shuffled off,

shaking his head ominously as he took his departure.

SEA-MYTHS.

Sirens, Tritons, Dolphins and "Fathers of the Fair."

Knights, Monks and Bishops of the Ocean—Marine Lions, Panthers and Rams.

Boston Globe.

Sea-myths are in such profusion and variety, says a writer in Golden Days, as even to make Old Father Barthel, sometime fisherman and afterward fish, of "Grimm's Goblins" notoriety, stare with a great wonder as when he saw his mortal enemy, the King of the Pikes, in company with the witch of waters; for even in our prosaic age we have only just got over the belief in "mermaids," and have still to undergo sea-serpent stories, periodically recurring, some apparently as fabulous as the sea-gods of classic lore.

The wondrous Grecian mythology owes not a little of its wealth and beauty to the great deed over which Neptune, the Greek Poseidon, guardian of the clouds, guardian of the winds and lord and tamer of the horse—presides.

In his train the Tritons—men from the waist upward, below half horse, half fish—came from their golden palaces in the lowest depths of the sea, and rode on the billows, blowing their shells to calm the raging of the angry ocean.

The famed Venus—the Greek Aphrodite, born of the sea-foam; the god-like shepherds, Proteus, Nereus and Glaucus, who attended Neptune's aquatic flock, and the Nerides, young and beautiful nymphs, who resided "full fathom five" in caves and grottoes of the ocean all adorned with shells and branches of the vine, and all undergoing.

"A SEA-CHANGE INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE."

These are some of the most notable mythical inhabitants of the world of waters.

The Nereides, rising to the surface of the waves, rode on dolphins' backs, trident in hand or garlanded with flowers; and the Sirens, fatal three, who "spread o'er the silver waves their golden hair," basked near sunlit rocks and lured all men to their ruin, save only the crafty Ulysses, by their enchanting voices.

Christopher Columbus, sailing by the coast of St. Domingo, met three sirens, but these must have been another set, for the "only original" sisters incontinently drowned themselves upon their failure to entrap the Grecian hero.

The dolphins, whose eyes were in their blade bones, who fed their young at the breast, dug graves and followed their dead in mournful procession, were "the arrows of the sea," and the great carriers of ancient times.

Not only did they bear the fifty daughters of Nereus safely on their backs, but Arion, the sweet singer, when forced to leap into the sea to escape the sailors who would have murdered him, had previously so charmed the dolphins by his playing, that they congregated around the ship, and one of them bore Arion in safety to Tænarus, while the musician

With harmonious strains, Rejoices his hearer for his friendly pains.

When the guilty sailors subsequently reach the land, their perfidy having been explained to King Perlander, that monarch orders their execution.

PLINY'S STORY OF THE DOLPHIN THAT CARRIED A BOY

Of Baie every morning across to Puteoli to school and back again at night, seems equally apocryphal with the preceding. The youth is said to have rewarded the fish with a liberal supply of bread; and here the dolphin's real character seemed to be hit, for he has not any carrying powers in our day, nor any taste for music, while his affection for man is unmistakably "cupboard love."

The poets and the story-tellers, however, have laid hold of the pretty idea, and the fraudulent cetacean has been credited with kindly feeling from Arion to Said—the hero of the "magic whistle"—who dines pleasantly en route upon a dolphin's back. All ages have contributed some legendary denizens to the sea—the mythical Chilon, with a man's head; the Balena and Phoca, cruel to their mates, and the Pies, an ephemeral fish, whose two legs and wings only sufficed to carry his little life for a day's span.

All countries, too, have invented some fairy-like stories of the waters. The Finnish Nakki, play their silver harps o' nights: the water imp, or Nixey, of Germany, sings and dances on land with mortals, and the "Davy" (deva), whose locker is at the bottom of the deep blue sea, are all poetical conceptions.

The same may be said of the Merminne of Netherlands, the White Lady of Scotland and the Silver Swan of the German legend, that drew the ship in which the knight

LOHNGRIN DEPARTED, NEVER TO RETURN.

Then there are the Swan maidens, the Upasars of the Vedas. Sridatta falling in the Ganges, became enamored of one of these beautiful beings and accompanied her to a wonderful land beneath the waters.

The amphibious "Fathers of the Fair," belied in by the Egyptians, should also be named, who at times walk the earth in joy, but eventually impelled by some strange force, return to their dimlit ocean homes.

A northern legend is that of Rosmer, an aquatic giant, who carries off a Danish maiden.

Her brother follows into the sea, and is taken prisoner and detained; but getting into favor, the giant ordered his release. The brother bids adieu to his sister and to the giant before his return to land, is presented by the latter with a large box filled with pearls and other sea gems.

The Leviathan even carries the box on shore for the young man, but being dill witted as giants mostly are, he is tricked by his lady love, who has previously substituted herself for the former less precious freight of the box and so escapes.

Eian gives to the waters of Ceylon fish having the heads of lions, panthers and rams and cetaceans in the form of satyrs; and Holland has sea knights and bishops, one of the former, caught, in 1305, near Dockum, being fair and in suit of armor. This marvel died three weeks afterward. A little more than a hundred years later (1433)

ANOTHER SEA-BISHOP WAS CAPTURED in the Baltic, and sent as a present to the king of Holland; but it so moved the monarch's compassion by its inconsolable grief that he returned it to its native element.

It is said that at the sight of water it gave a great leap for joy, and then took a "header" into it. We are not told so, but no doubt the "bishop" went on swimmingly after this.

Perhaps, after all, the whole story is only "meant sarkastic," as Artemus Ward used to say, showing how a prelate's heart might very properly quicken its action at the sight of a sea in the distance!

Whether this be so or not, Rondelet, in a work published in 1554, gives a singular picture of a seaman clothed by nature in the garb of a bishop, and the accompanying portrait of this very queer fish, taken from Francisco Boussetti, will give an idea of a strange medieval superstition.

Again, the sea-monk is no stranger to either ancient or modern literature. Rondelet's book has an engraving of one with an ugly face and bald head, a cowl on his shoulder, fins instead of arms, and his "continuations" a double-fluked tail.

Roussuet's picture of the sea-monk is a little more flattering so far as the face goes. The fins remain and the tail, though discreetly hidden by a garment, is evidently of the same character as that mentioned above.

To prevent misconception, we have presented the real against this

TOO HIGHLY IDEALIZED FISH.

Kraken, or krabben—the "mountain fish" of the ancient Norsemen—is, we are constrained to believe, mythical. Pliny says one existed in the great ocean Arbus, with feet so large that the straits of Gibraltar being too shallow for the monster they prevented its entrance into the Mediterranean.

Pontoppidan, the Scandinavian bishop of Bergen, gives an account of the kraken, which he says the sea-faring class call "soc-draulen, soc-trolen, sea-mischief," as they have been named soc-horven, and Anker-trol, by the superstitious Norwegian fishermen. "One of these creatures," the bishop writes,

"DRAGGED DOWN A SHIP BENEATH THE WATERS WITH ITS HUGE ARMS!"

Let us hope some other of the contributors to natural history of this worthy man, who died chancellor of Denmark in 1764, are more reliable than this one, and that in other cases he depended less upon hearsay for his facts.

Old stories of the kraken represent that its back covers a mile and a half of sea, which, if by any possibility it could be true, must have been awkward for ships when it "got its back up," and no less unpleasant when it went down into the waters; a maelstrom or a Welsh river in a flood being nothing to the commotion it might be expected to create.

The stories say, also, that the tangled seaweed on the monster's back has led sailors to imagine it an island, and that they have even landed and fished in the hollows of the creature's back, where pools of water lay, and where the smaller "fry" had been imprisoned, and, as it were, landed, as he came to the surface. After the seamen have angled to their hearts' content, they light a fire to cook their take, and suddenly find themselves struggling in the ocean, when, coming out of his snooze, the kraken dives to avoid the heat.

Augustus of Bergen collected the

Scandinavian accounts of the kraken, and came nearer to the truth, doubtless, by stating the existence of a gigantic polypus inhabiting Neptune's realms.

Pennant mentions that he had heard on good authority that the sepia, or cuttle-fish of the Indian seas, sometimes measures two fathoms across the body, and that THE ARMS ARE EACH NINE FATHOMS LONG.

The natives are provided with hatchets to cut off the arms when flung over a boat, and they call the octopus the "mansuckers." The name is incorrect, however, as they do not suck their victims; but their cold and entangling embrace must be very terrible, and they have been known to attack divers and persons bathing.

The body is an oval sack, round which are ranged eight or ten long and strong arms or feelers, each covered with a double row of small cup-shaped suckers, from which the air can be exhausted when it fixes upon any object. This it does with the tenacity of a bulldog. It has a round head, with large eyes and a parrot-like beak.

In tropical America a very large octopus, or poulpe—the mythological "devil-fish" of the French, introduced by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea"—is found.

One thrown ashore dead at Nassau, Bahamas, weighed 240 pounds; it was ten feet long and the arms each five feet. On the coast of Brazil they are also said to be large and dangerous. May not such monsters have given rise to the imaginary kraken, and have grown—as travelers' stories are said to do—to undue proportions?

Prof. Steenstrup considers that the probable original of the kraken is the squid, and he has collected many accounts of gigantic specimens of this fish taken near the coasts of Northern Europe from 1543 to the present time. One was found floating dead on the Newfoundland banks in 1872: it was fifteen feet long, and its arms nine feet.

WHALES HAVE BEEN ADMITTED INTO THE REALM OF THE MARVELOUS.

The Jewish work, "Bara Bathra," tells of a ship that sailed three days over a whale before it got from the head to its opposite extremity; and an ancient Chinese book, the Tsi-hai, mentions the whale Pheg, which beats 500 miles of sea into foam when it moves. As Polonius says, this is "very like a whale," indeed!

The old notion, fondly cherished for a long time, of creatures of the sea, half human, half fish, may still obtain with

Some shepherd of the Hebride Isles Placed far amid the melancholy main, but it is no longer tenable by ordinary beings of our epoch.

The merman with tails—not after the Darwinian theory pattern—and those "sweet water-wagtails," the mermaids, have been usually credited with having only one caudal appendage; but in the Balse edition of "Ptolemy's Geography" (1540) there is a picture of a double-tailed one "flopping" about in the sea. This may have been the exuberant fancy of the artist, or possibly he may have "seen double" on the occasion.

CURIOUS CHRONICLES.

BURIED ALIVE.

In a paper recently read before the Paris Academy of Medicine, the opinion was expressed that one person in 5,000 is buried alive.

CURIOUS MIA-MIA.

A growth forming a scum upon a pond near Cambellton, New South Wales, has been noticed to have a rich green color in the mornings, turning to a deep red in the afternoons.

RED SUNSETS.

The oldest reference thus far discovered to phenomena resembling the sunsets of 1883 appears to be an account of similar appearances found by a German meteorologist in a Flemish work of 1570.

JAPANESE METEOROLOGY.

Japan's meteorological system now comprises twenty-three observatories in the most important places throughout the country. From each district, three weather reports daily are sent to the central observatory at Tokio, where they are prepared for publication by the leading journals of the seaports.

LARGE LENSES.

The making of large lenses is a matter of many difficulties, as may be inferred from the fact that there have been nineteen failures to cast the thirty-six inch glass for the great Lick telescope to be mounted in California.

NAPOLEON'S PARIS RESIDENCE.

Paris letter to Providence Press: Prince Napoleon's Parisian residence is in the avenue d'Antin, the Faubourg St. Honore being the favorite of Imperialists, as the Faubourg St. Germain is of the legitimists. He occupies the whole of the floor No.

20. His rooms are furnished elegantly, but not luxuriously. He possesses a choice collection of artistic bibelots, and some of the paintings which adorn the walls are signed by the most distinguished names. More interesting still are the numerous relics and souvenirs of the great Napoleon, which occupy the place of honor in the salon—guns, sabers, field glasses and other objects of little intrinsic value, but rendered priceless by their associations.

The Female Campaign.

New York Graphic.

"Have you looked after Ohio yet?" asked the chairwoman of the executive committee. "You know Blaine is out there making speeches."

"I really haven't time," replied Mrs. Lockwood with a sigh. "I am worrying about my inaugural."

"Did you send any speakers to New York? They wanted some last week."

"I have been so crowded I couldn't attend to it. My dressmaker has left me, and I can't decide for the life of me whether I shall wear a beaded brocade or not. Oh, I saw such a sweet pattern yesterday on the avenue. What! going now! I wanted to show you a lovely new bonnet I bought. I wish you would call the committee together and ask whether I had better wear gloves on my inaugural. Suppose you look after Ohio, won't you? that's a dear!"

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Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath, and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws he has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's useful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

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